

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

Our Names.

We may write our names on paper;
We may trace them in the sand;
We may chisel them in marble
With a firm and skillful hand.

But the pages soon are soiled;
Soon each name will fade away;
Every monument will crumble,
Like all earthly hopes decay.

But, dear friends, there is a book.
Full of leaves of snowy white,
Where no name is ever tarnished,
But forever pure and bright.

In that book of life, God's album,
May your name be penned with care,
And may all who this may read,
Have their names forever there.—SEL.

Dear Editor:—This is my second attempt to write for the Children's Column. I am seven years old. I have two sisters and a dear little baby sister and five brothers. We had a good rain the other day. It made every thing nice and green. We have nice weather here now. I went to school this winter. I studied Reading, Spelling and Writing. I am very lonesome since school is out. My oldest brother is working on the railroad. We have some little peepies. I guess I will draw my letter to a close for this time.

From your little friend,

SUSIE J. STUTSMAN.

Seward, Pa., May 13, 1887.

Dear Editor:—I see that a good many little folks have written for the EVANGELIST, so I thought that I would write again and let you know that I feel interested in the Children's Column. I feel it my duty as well as a privilege to write and encourage the children for we feel so lonely. Bro. Ad. Cober preached for us last Sunday. He is a good preacher and I like to hear him preach. My school was out the 27th, of May and I feel sorry that I cannot have school all summer. Now, children let us all write for the paper, for I like to read the EVANGELIST.

Your friend,

ESSIE E. MALLOTT.

North Liberty, Ohio.

Dear Editor:—I thought I would write a few lines for the Children's Column. Saturday I attended the funeral of my brother's mother-in-law, Mrs. Mary Collier. She leaves a husband and six children to mourn her loss. Mrs. Collier has been a member of church for twenty years. She and her two oldest daughters belonged to the Brethren church. We hope the father and the rest of the family will join church and follow in her footsteps. Some of her last words were, she wanted them to live as a Christian should live and Oh! Lord accept my soul.

Yours truly,

ESTELLA C. STERLING.

Masontown, Pa., May 24, 1887.

Dear Editor:—As my other letter escaped the waste basket, I thought I would write again. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. I like to go. Miss Hannah Ehler is my teacher. The title of our lesson last Sunday was, The Passover. Mr. Waggoner is our superintendent. I was glad to see a letter from my cousin in Westbone, Mo. Mr. Bauman preaches for us every other Sunday. He lives about five miles from our house. We have an organ and I can play some. Pa is going to have me take music lessons after harvest. I wish Uncle Joe would tell us how many names he has on his band list. I am going to get as many names as I can and send to Uncle Joe. I will answer David S. Fultz's question: Where is it found in the Bible that Ephraim is a cake not turned? Hosea. 7:8, Lucy Widner's, Where is log mentioned in the Bible? Lev. 14:10. Elizabeth H. Dancer's, Where is the shortest chapter in the Bible? Psalms 117 chapter. I will close by asking a question: Who took the little book out of the angels hand and ate it up? Yours a reader,

DELIA BLUE.

South Haven, Kan. May 23, 1887.

Children obey your parents.

A Happy Child.

Bishop Ryle of England says the happiest child he ever saw, was a little girl, eight years old, who was quite blind.

She had never seen the sun nor moon nor stars, grass nor flowers, nor trees, nor birds, nor any of those pleasant things which have gladdened your eyes all your life. More trying still, she had never seen her own father or mother, yet she was the happiest child of all the thousands that the Bishop had seen.

She was journeying on the railway this day I speak of. No one she knew was with her, not a friend nor a relation to take care of her; yet, though totally blind, she was quite happy and content.

"Tell me," she said to some one near by, "how many people are there in this car. I am quite blind, and can see nothing." And she was told.

"Are you not afraid to travel alone?" asked a gentleman.

"No," she replied, "I am not frightened; I have traveled before, and I trust in God, and people are always very good to me."

"But tell me," said the Bishop, "why you are so happy?"

"I love Jesus, and he loves me; I sought Jesus, and I found him," was the reply.

The Bishop then began to talk to her about the Bible, and found she knew a great deal about it.

"And how did you learn so much of the Bible?" he asked.

"My teacher used to read it to me, and I remembered all I could," she said.

"And what part of the Bible do you like best," asked the Bishop.

"I like the story of Christ's life in the gospels," she said; "but what I like best of all, are the last three chapters of Revelation."

Having a Bible with him, the Bishop read to her, as the train dashed along, Rev. 20th, 21st and 22nd chapters.

Make a Better One.

An eloquent blasphemer was once saying in public that he himself could make a better book than the Bible, when a woman promptly arose and said, "You had better do it. There is money in it."

It is related that when the evangelist, Jabez Swan, while preaching in Albany, was vindicating the Bible against the assaults of infidels, and hurling volleys of argument and appeal upon infidels and their theories, one of the noisiest skeptics in the city shouted from the gallery:

Elder Swan, if you'll give me five hundred dollars and a month's time, I will bring you a better book than the Bible."

"It is a bargain, sir," replied Swan, "and I will be here a month from to-night with the money to receive the book."

Accordingly, when the time came, Swan was on hand, and before commencing his sermon called for the man and the book, but neither of them were forthcoming! Said the preacher, when speaking of the matter afterwards, "The poor, miserable fellow couldn't begin to produce a book as good as the Apocrypha."

The conceited college student who told Dr. Wayland that it did not require any great ability to make proverbs like Solomon's, got for his answer, "Make a few; make a few." And if some of our skeptical scoffers would set themselves at work to make a book to take the place of the Bible, we should be interested to see the result of their labors. Let them build up instead of tearing down, and when their house is built we will consider whether it is worth while to move into it.—*Armory, Boston.*

For Ambitious Boys.

A boy is something like a piece of iron, which in its rough state isn't worth much, nor is it of very much use, but the more processes it is put through the more valuable it becomes. A bar of iron that is only worth \$5 in its natural state is worth \$12 when it is made into horseshoes, and after it goes through the different processes by which it is made needless its value is increased to \$350. Made into penknife blades it would be worth \$3,000, and into

balance springs for watches \$250,000. Just think of that, boys, a piece of iron that is comparatively worthless can be developed into such valuable material! But the iron has to go through a great deal of hammering and beating and rolling and pounding and polishing, and so if you are to become useful and educated men, you must go through a long course of study and training. The more time you spend in hard study, the better material you will make. The iron doesn't have to go through half as much to be made into horseshoes as it does to be converted into delicate watch-springs, but think how much less valuable it is. Which would you rather be, horseshoe or watch-springs? It depends on yourselves. You can become whichever you will. This is your time of preparation for manhood. Don't think that I would have you settle down to hard study all the time without any intervals for fun. Not a bit of it. I like to see boys have a good time, and I would be very sorry to have you grow old before your time, but you have ample opportunity for study and play, too, and I don't want you to neglect the former for the sake of the latter.—*Christian at Work.*

OUR DEAD.

COLLIER.—Mary Ann Collier, wife of William Collier, died at her home in the George's Creek congregation, May 19, 1887. She was the daughter of Jacob F. and Matilda Longanecker and a grand-daughter of Daniel Moser, Sr. lately deceased. She leaves a husband, six children and a large circle of relatives to mourn her loss.

She suffered for about a year and a half with consumption, bearing it all with patience and fortitude and passed away in the triumphs of the Christian faith. Her last words were: "Lord Jesus receive my spirit." For nearly twenty years she was a consistent member of the Brethren church and was highly esteemed by all for her kindness and her plain and unassuming manner.

She was the third of our little band who have been called to cross the silent river within the last three weeks. The remains were followed to their last resting place, the Lutheran cemetery by a large number of relatives and sympathizing friends, there to await the call of Christ at the resurrection of his Saints. Funeral services from Rev. 14:13 by J. D. Gans assisted by Rev. Matthiott.

J. D. G.

NEHER.—At her home near Rossville, Ind., Sister Susanna Neher, wife of Brother William Neher. She was born Sep. 6th, A. D. 1836, died, May 22d, A. D. 1887, aged 50 years, 8 months and 16 days. She was the daughter of Peter and Christiana Krebichl; was united in the bonds of matrimony to Wm. Neher, Dec. 10, 1863 with whom she lived until her decease, having been married 23 years, 5 months and 12 days. She was the mother of three children, one of whom preceded her to the spirit world. She leaves to mourn her loss a husband, son, daughter, an aged father, one sister and two brothers; and a large concourse of other relatives and friends. Funeral services by Bro. Rittgers from Rev. 14:13 to a very large audience of sympathetic friends.

"Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep

From which none ever wakes to weep;

A calm and undisturbed repose,

Unbroken by the last of foes."

Mourn not friends, for your loss we trust is her eternal gain. May God bless and comfort the bereaved. JOHN A. MILLER. Rossville, Ind.

NEHER.—Orrie youngest son of Brother Daniel and Sister Nancy Neher, was born Oct. 18, 1883; died, Jan. 18th, 1887, aged 3 years, 3 months. We sympathize with the bereaved parents and friends. Dear little Orrie has gone to the spirit world where sickness and death can never come and no parting tear is shed. It was hard to bid a last adieu to the loving child but death is no respecter of persons. Let us all be ready to meet death for die we must; we cannot put death off as we do many other things. When Christ calls we must go whether prepared or not. Funeral services conducted by R. F. Mallott. LIZZIE SWIHART. Rossville, Ind., May 26, 1887.

MARTIN.—At her residence two miles from Pioneer, O., Eliza Martin departed this life, April 29th, 1887, aged 64 years and 26 days. She was born in Lincolnshire, England April 4th, 1823. Emigrated when quite young with her parents to Richland Co., O., where she lived until her marriage to David Martin, Sep. 1863; and in 1864 they moved to Williams Co., Ohio, where she resided until her death. Her maiden name was Eliza Kendall. She was respected and loved by all who knew her. She was a good companion, a kind mother. She united with the German Baptist church about 1865, and lived a Christian until her death. She died of dropsy and lung trouble. She passed away without a struggle to join her little one gone before, on the shore of eternal deliverance. She leaves a husband and four children, and many friends to mourn her loss. But our loss is her eternal gain. Mother is gone, no more can we see her dear face or hear her gentle voice. But I know if we live right we can meet her in heaven, where parting is no more.

The funeral took place at the Hickory Grove Church Sunday, May 1, 1887. Bro. Rittenhouse, of the Brethren church assisted by Bro. Moore of the German Baptist church preached to a large congregation of sorrowing friends and relatives, from Rev. 14:13.

Dear mother we'll not forget thee

In our sore afflicted grief;

For the wound is deeper than the sea

And none but Christ can give relief.

Now dear father your left alone

Your dear companions gone,

Desolate will be your home

Till you meet at heaven's dawn.

Her place no more can be supplied

Through heaven's gate her soul has fled

Sleep on dear mother, take thy rest;

God called thee home he thought it best.

And now dear children one and all

To you a warning given,

How soon may come the shroud and pall

Oh prepare to meet in heaven!

E. M. YAGEL.

Gospel Messenger please copy.